



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# The Special Girl



👁 31 ✓ 1 ★ 2

## Chapter 1 by Vannilla21

A girl, short for her age, fifteen years old, light blue wavy hair on her shoulder, very big, blue eyes, she loved her skirts, and t-shirts, matched with the perfect pair of boots. Not many people were like her...She was born with her hair light blue, but the weird thing about her was, she is growing ears. Not human ears...Cat ears...Her personality is, Bold, Daring, nice-ish, and independent. She is starting school, and she is growing ears....maybe hats will save her...She hides this from her parent. Her mom and dad split. She wanted to stay with her good, sweet father, but her mom took her. Her mom should be in jail. She murdered someone, and this girl found out. She doesn't know who she murdered, though. But the thing she is determined to do is, find and stay with her father. She is not telling police about this murder because then she doesn't know where she would live. She hopes she can at least find where her father lives. She has only one clue..He lives in CA, and she lives in LA. This girl's name is Crystal Rodriguez. She watches a show called "The Dark Side!" and a guy, about a thirty year old man is named, John Rodriguez. Could that be...her father?

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Crystal suffered from a fatal disease - poor character creation. She had more assets and

accessories than a Barbie doll. She ended each of her sentences with a "oyan". Everywhere she went, people swooned over her. / See more of Story Wars down with a serious affinity until they liked her.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"I'm sorry, erm, Crystal," I say, peering at her over my heavy stack of papers. I cannot make direct eye contact, lest I succumb to her disgusting charm. "It's fatal Mary Sue disorder. The only chance for you is a brutal three week boot camp to stamp out some of your uniqueness."

She gets up dramatically. The fire in her eyes is anything but charming and innocent. So much for that. "What do you mean, nyan? I am perfect!" She waves her arms for flair. "Perfect! Why do I need to be made like...like...you?!"

I've heard that one before. I'm nothing special. My name is Bob, and I have an affinity for sweater jackets. Who cares where I live, or my favorite show, or the location of my parents? That can be revealed in due time with this excellent thing stories have called "pacing", not shoved out in one paragraph.

"I think you'll understand when you get there." I don't have to say anything else. In a minute or so, the guards will come and throw her in her room, ready for treatment. She'll scream. Kick. Most of them have some special ability, but our facility will numb them down to a whisper. She'll deal with that loss in her own way. But for now, there is our awkward silence. I'm sure Crystal isn't used to this type of treatment. Mary Sues often aren't.

This job can be tough.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Give feedback](#)

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account